

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 15
Sept.



10c

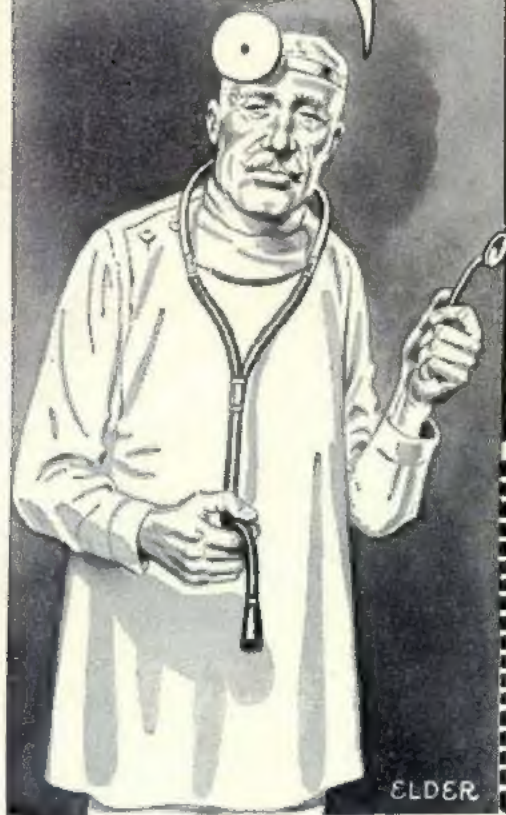
MAD



...a MAD tea party.

PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

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BEST IMITATION

FAIR IMITATION

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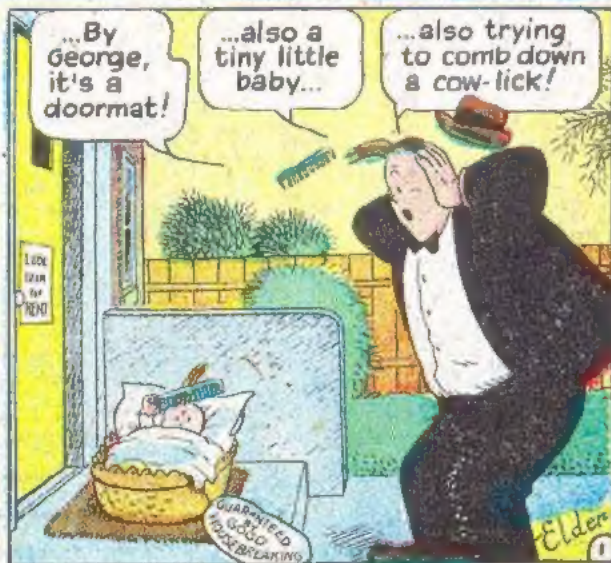
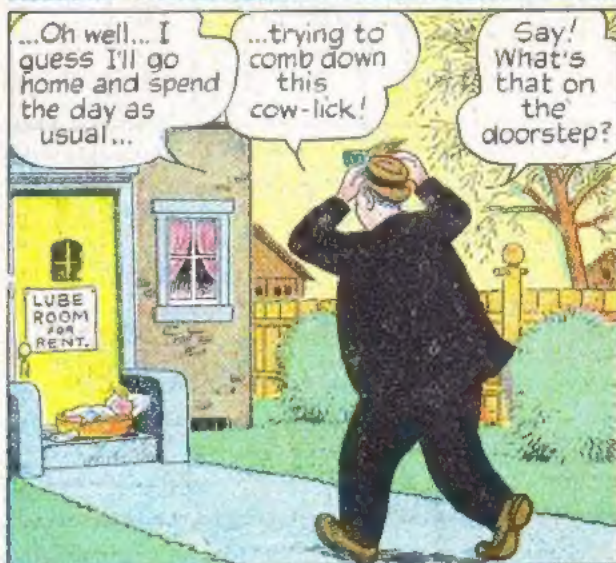
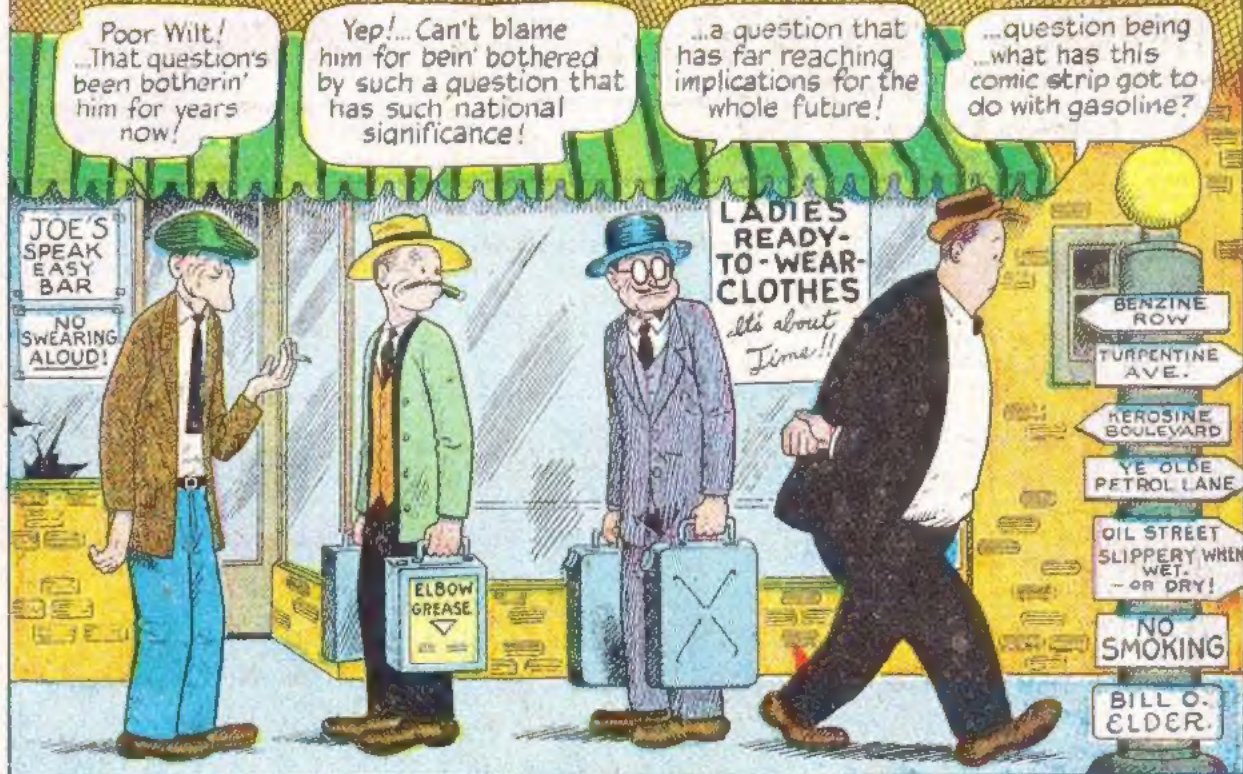
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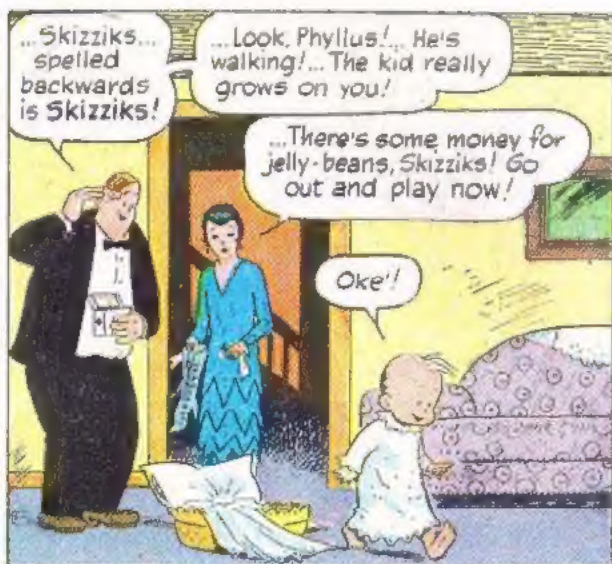
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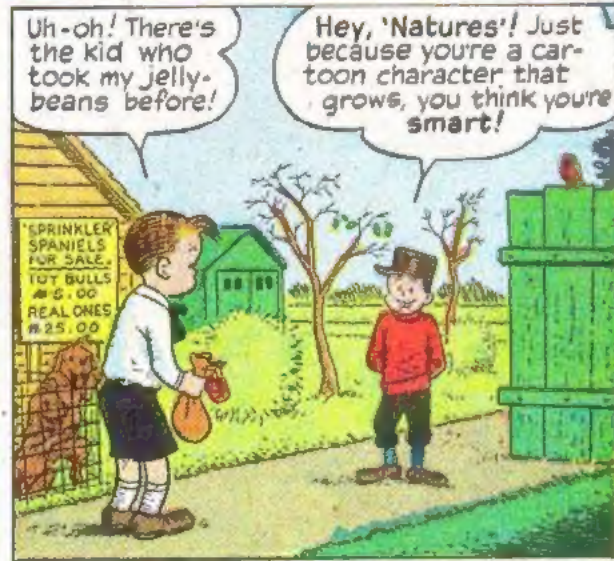
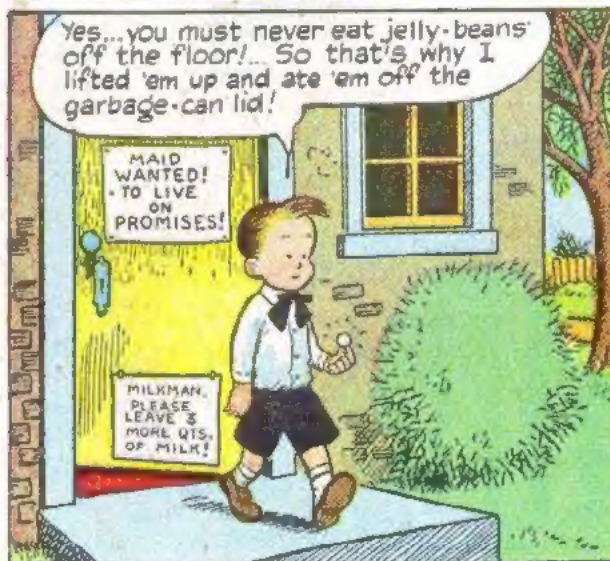
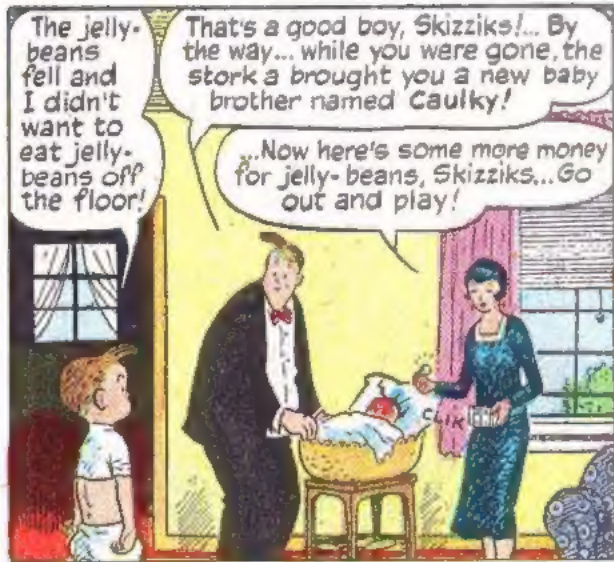
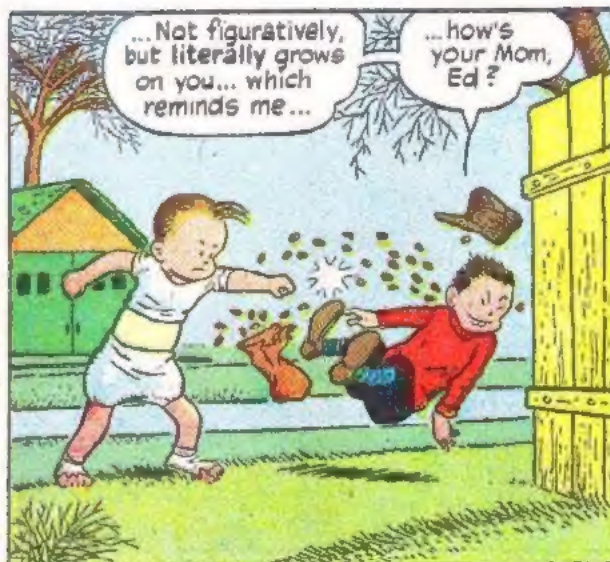
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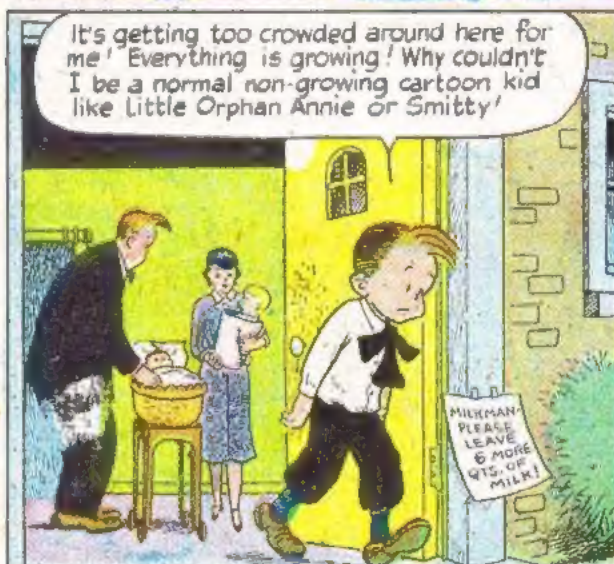
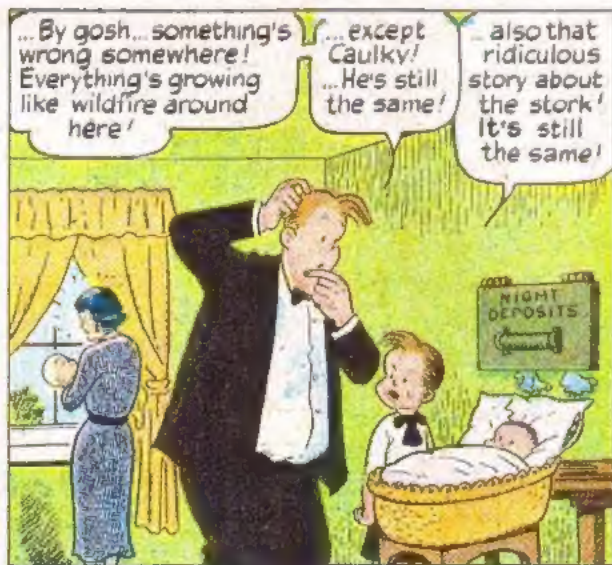
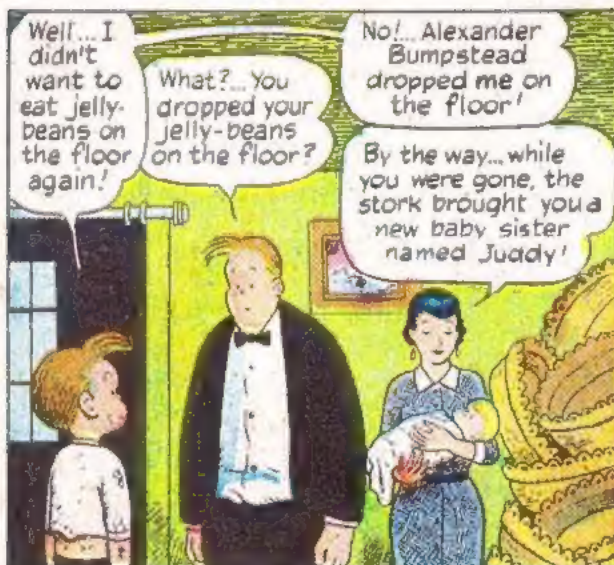
NEWSPAPER COMICS DEPT.: WELL...HELLO THERE! ARE YOU AN OLD-TIME *MAD* READER? WELL THEN, SNUGGLE DOWN ON YOUR BED OF NAILS AND PREPARE FOR THE USUAL SESSION! ARE YOU A NEW *MAD* READER READING *MAD* FOR THE FIRST TIME?... GO HOME, YOU FOOL, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! AND NOW...FOR YOU WHO REMAIN,

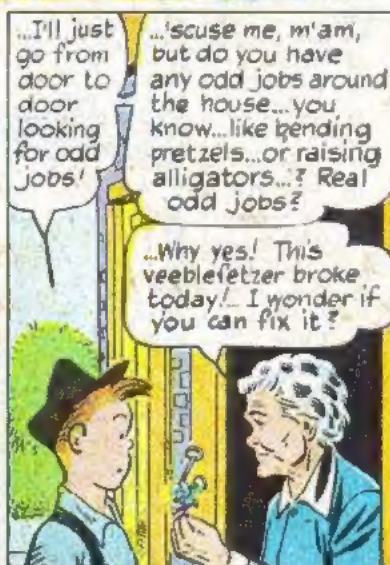
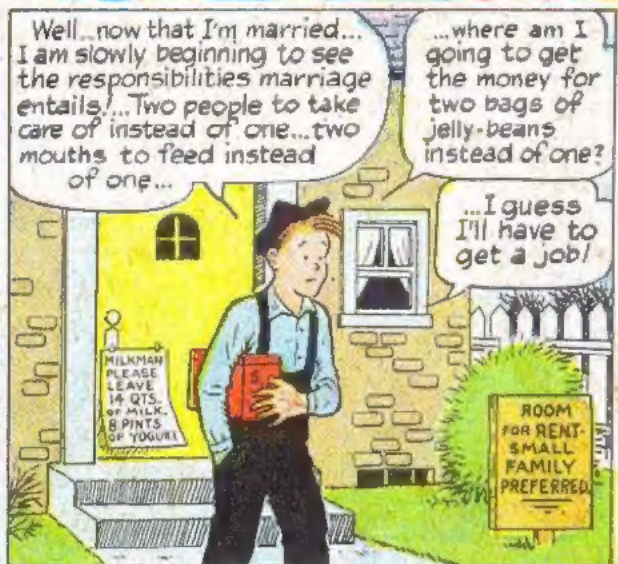
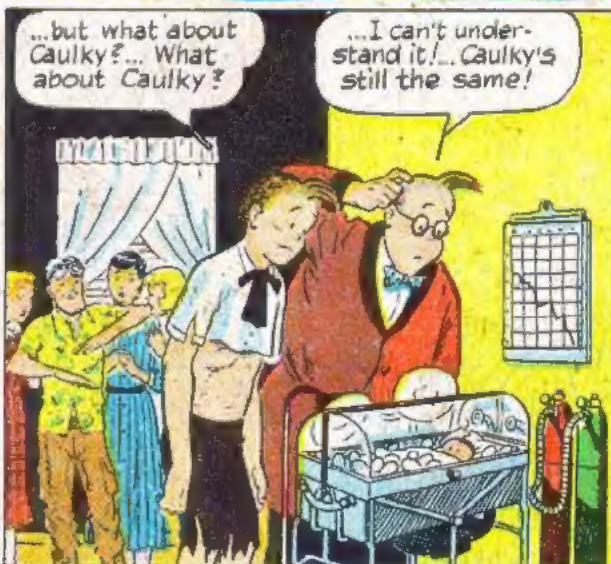
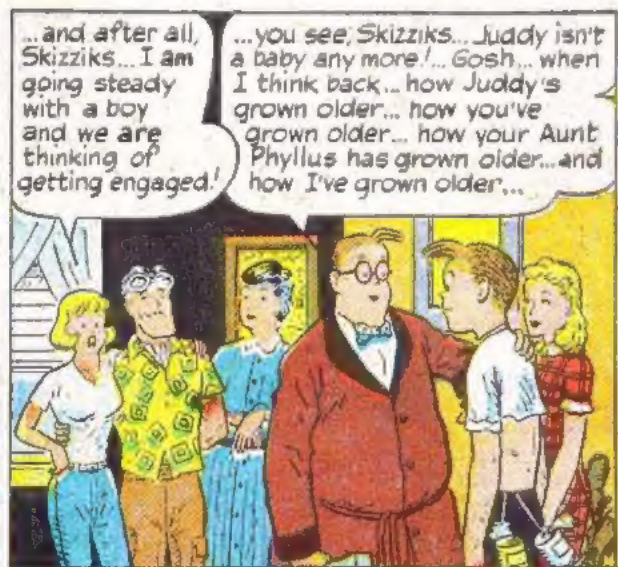
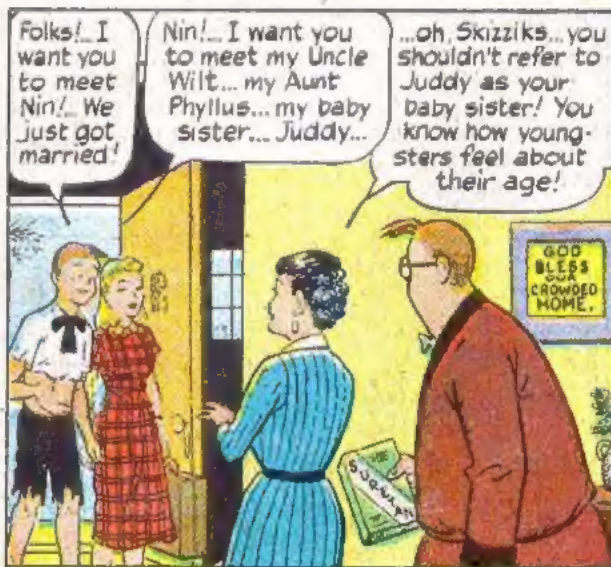
GASOLINE VALLEY!











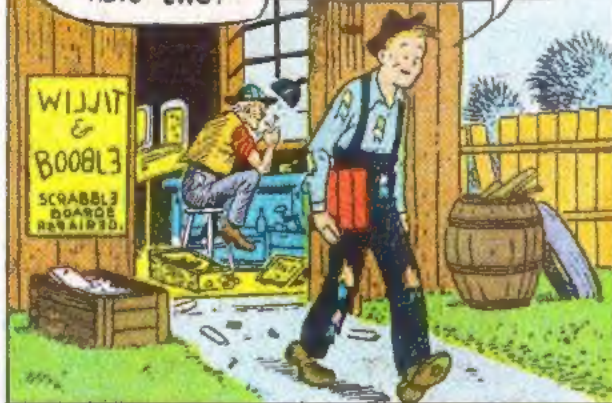
...I'll bet that veeble-fetters are cracking every day all over town!...Why don't we start a cracked veeblefetter fixing company...Willit and Booble...cracked veeble-fetters fixers!

...I'll shake on that!

Note to readers: Naturally, there is no such thing as a veeblefetter! This grotesque designation is used merely to disguise our real operation which is such a good idea that we want to protect the idea from being stolen by any unscrupulous operators...mainly you readers!



Gosh!...We've got a shed set up and we're really in business! Won't Nin be surprised when I tell her how business has doubled since I started out today? Started out with one cracked veeblefetter and we now have two!



Hi, folks! Hi, Nin! I'm home! Did anything happen while I was gone?

Oh, Skizziks! Guess what! Juddy and her boy-friend got married...



...and that's not all!...We had a visit from the stork!

...Skizziks! ...you're a father!... and just guess what it was!



...I'm a boy, Dad!

Gosh!

...So... what else is new?



...well, Skizziks...everything sure is changing!... You're grown up, with a business and everything!... You've got a young growing child and Juddy is grown into a young woman, and although your Aunt Phyllis and I are growing older... we feel we're growing younger watching all you young people growing!

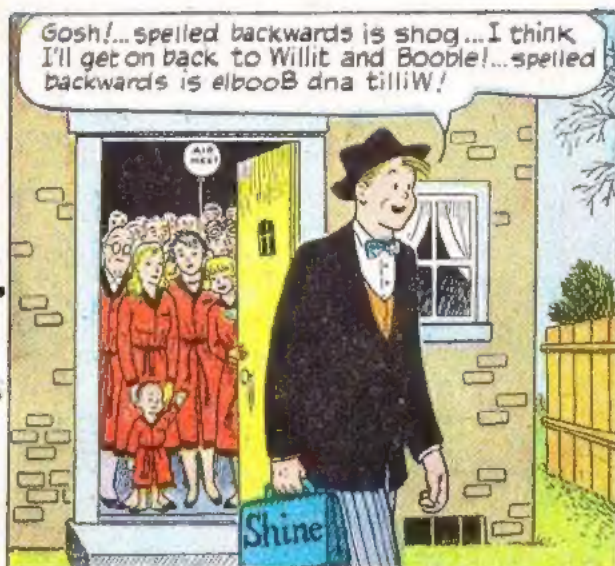
...But what about Caulky? ...What about Caulky?

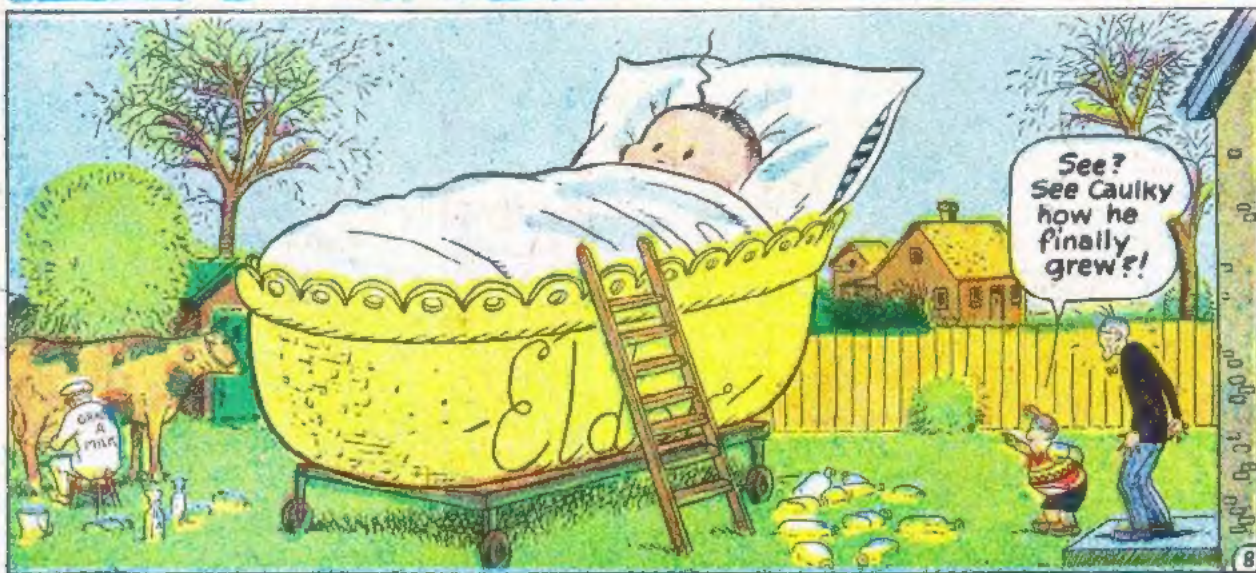
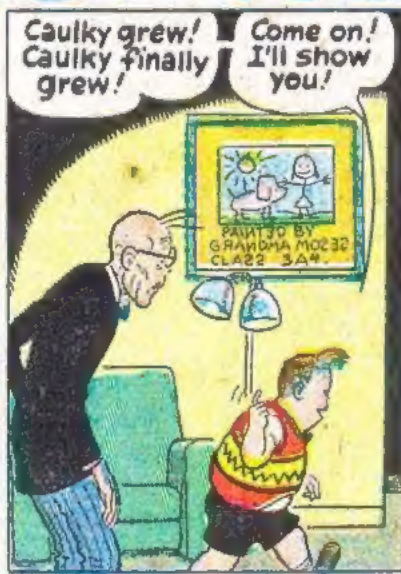
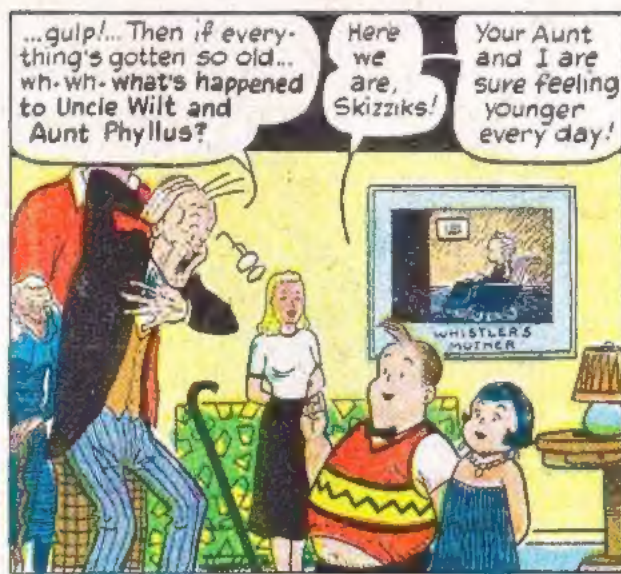
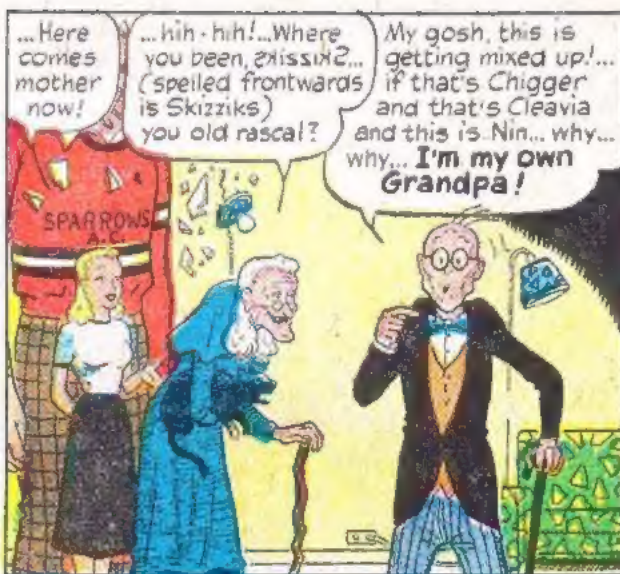


...by gosh! I can not understand it!

Caulky's still the same!



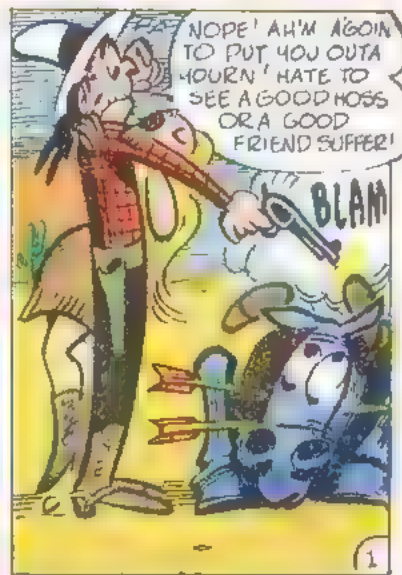
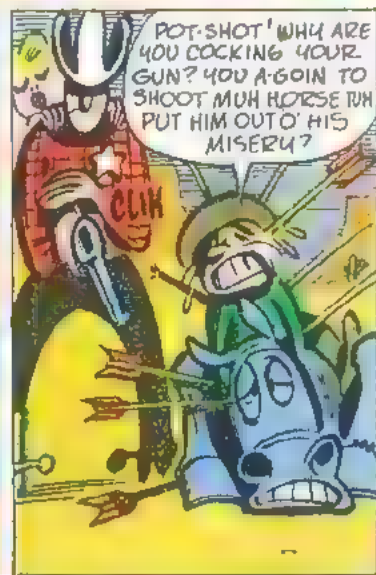
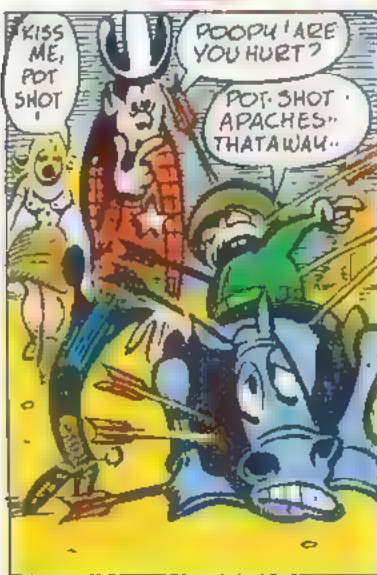
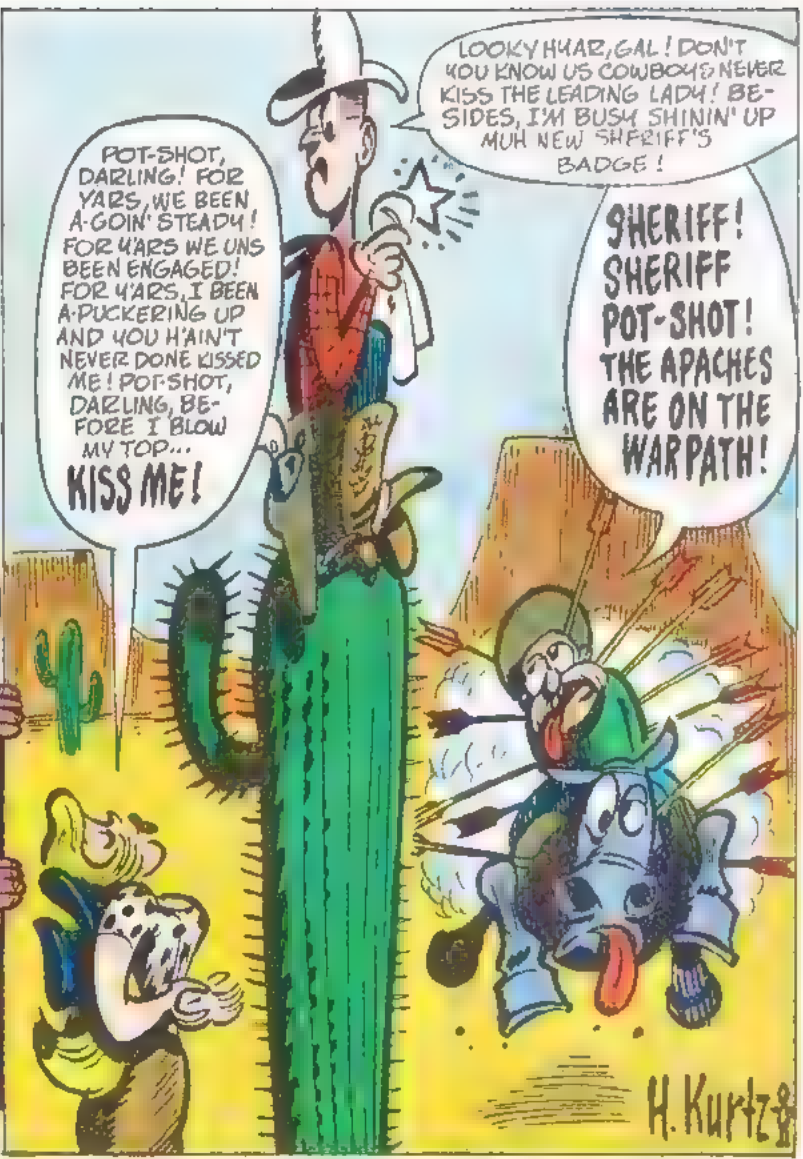




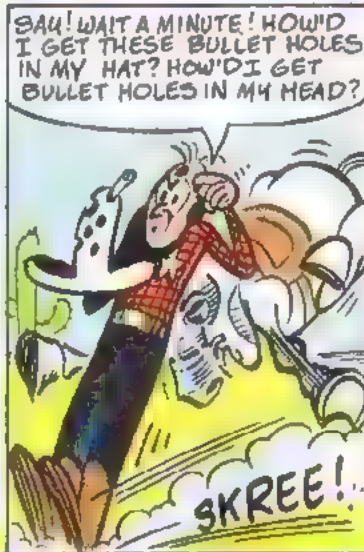
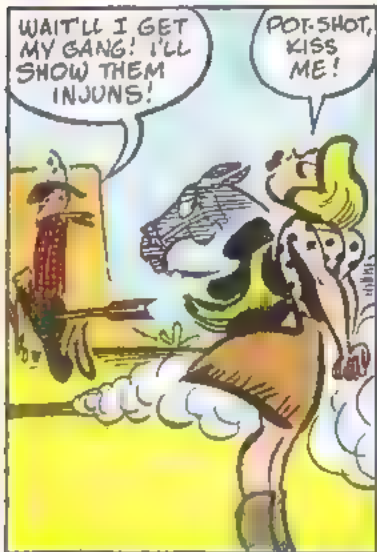
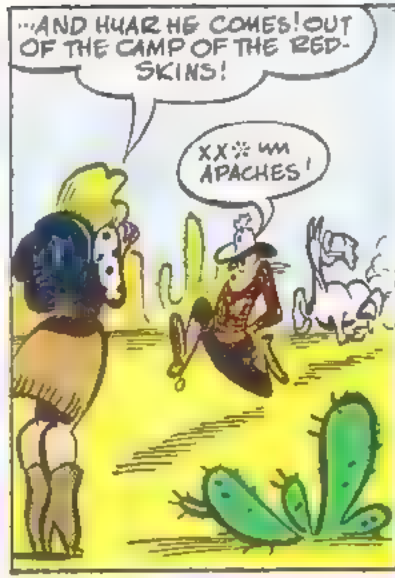
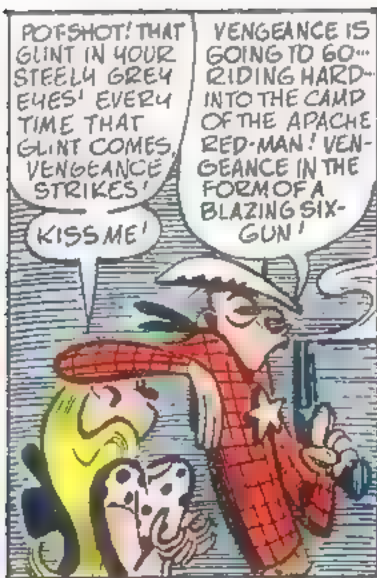
COLLECTOR'S ITEM DEPT:
 DEVOTED MAD READERS HAVE NOTICED IN
 THE PAST HOW YOUR MANAGING EDITOR
 HAS REPRINTED THE EARLY WORKS OF
HARVEY KURTZMAN. WELL... IN THIS
 ISSUE WE ARE REPRODUCING MORE
 KURTZMAN WORK BECAUSE OF THE
 ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE OF YOU
 KURTZMAN FANS. BECAUSE WE THINK
 THE NON-KURTZMAN FANS WILL ENJOY IT
 AND MAINLY BECAUSE WE WERE LATE
 AND HAD TO PAD FIVE PAGES OF SPACE
 IN THE PINCH AND SO WE PRESENT...

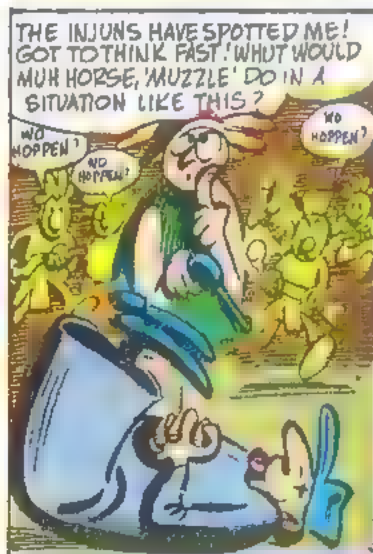
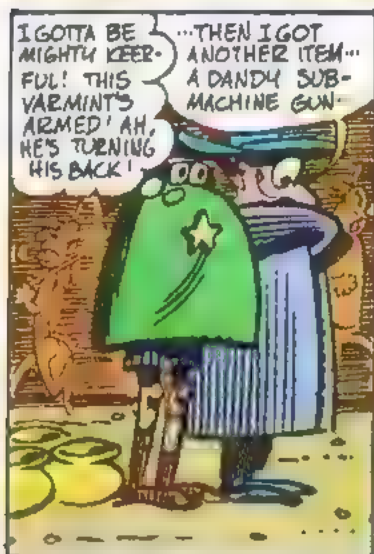
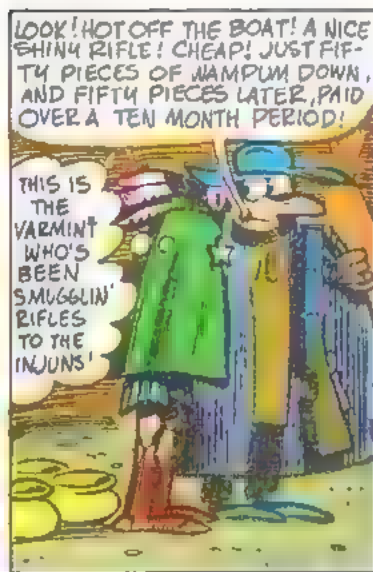
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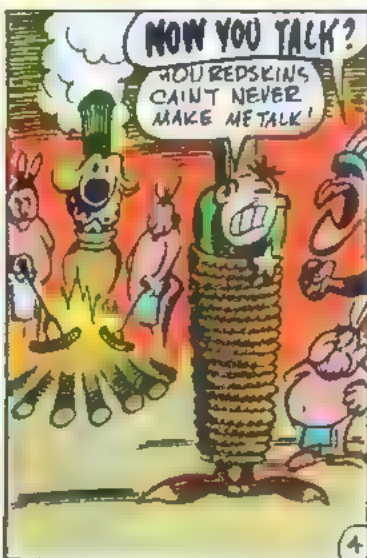
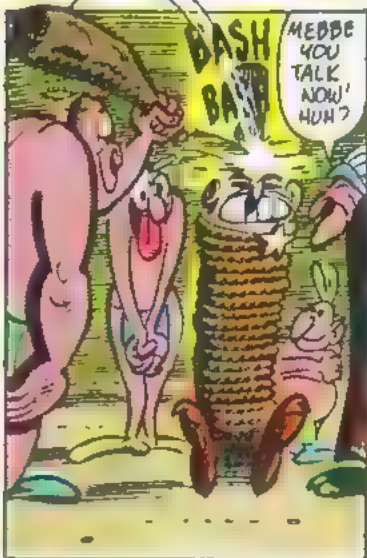
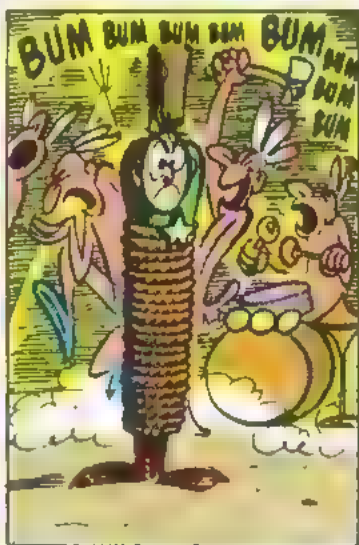
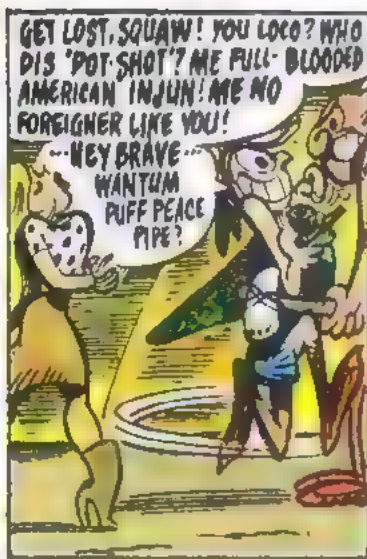
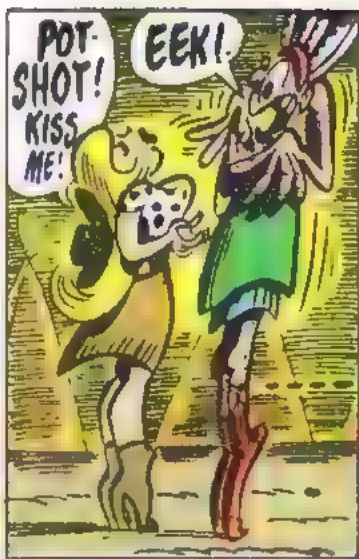
Sheriff of
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 pucca
 Gulch!

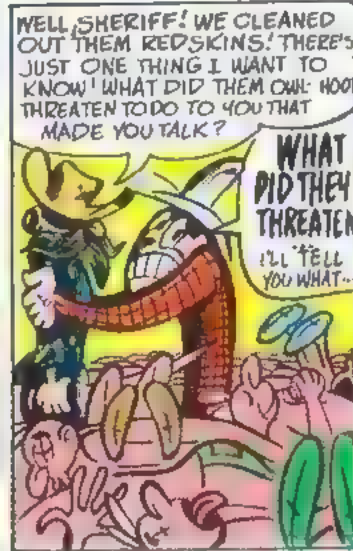
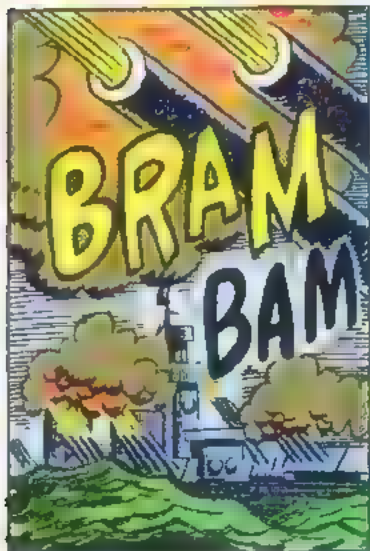
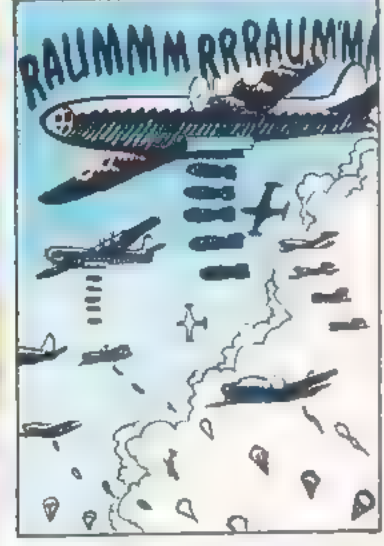
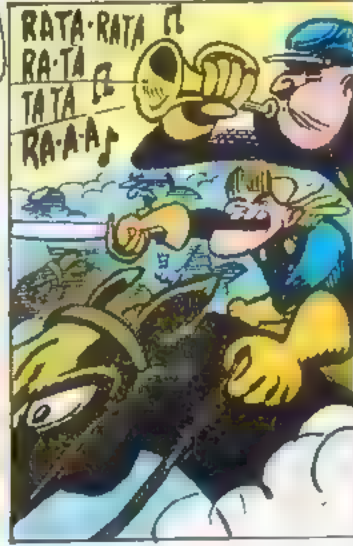
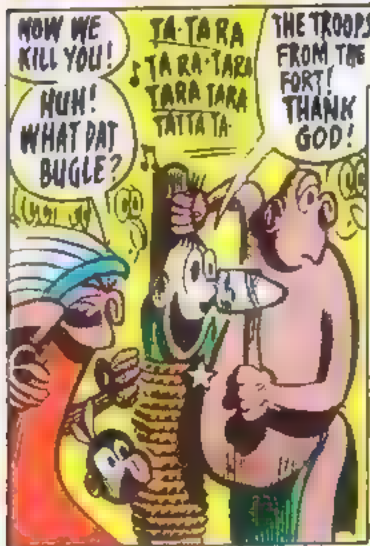
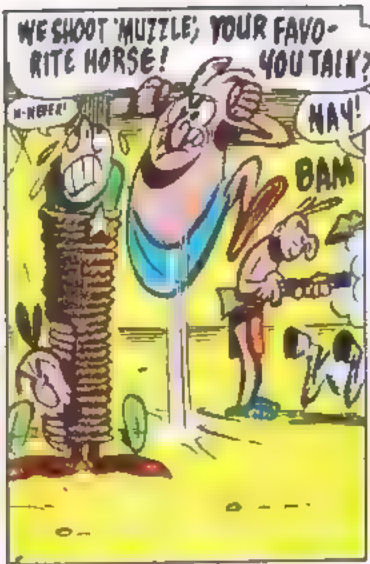


* COURTESY OF TOBY PRESS









有無限的友好之感，我更常常讚佩果能讀到她自己所認識的文字的話。在上海與一位名字叫作保羅披華民族的悠久文化與民族智慧，我她一定會感到興奮的！此祝撰——加德國商人結婚，雖然披爾士先常讀美國賽珍珠女士關於描寫中國詩夫人寄自內德布萊梅城』。

著作，我認為賽珍珠女士是大的作家之一。

（編者按）編者讀了加詩夫人這封的愛情彌篤，她生了三個小孩

親愛的執事先生，我希望用你這筆告訴住在紐約的中國婦女們希望還能從郵局寄了一些書報雜誌給留居德了上海。他們喪失了一切財產，我們能抽出一部份寶貴的時間，寫信這一位寂寞的中國婦人。她的中文字叫「徐明君」，是一位極溫柔的妻良母型的女子，她的通訊處是：去，同時盼僑界人士能夠寫信給她！裏定居了下來，但是蒼天不佑

常備中西餅食

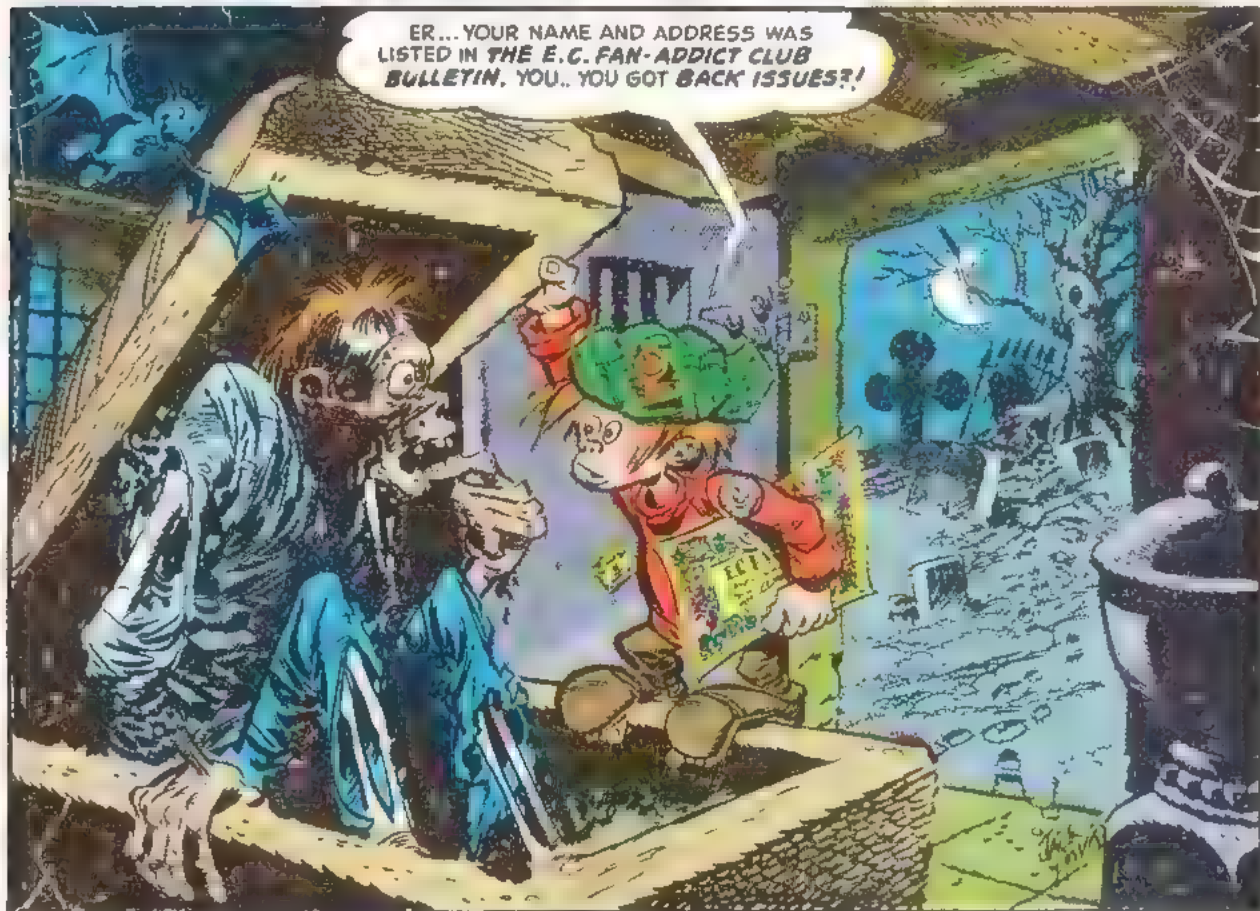
脅威略侵俄蘇付

by the orient. we present this article...

Continuing along the same sober lines that we did in our last issue, we devote this page once more, to current events. If these articles have helped you, as they have us while preparing them, you can easily see the picture taking shape of what lies ahead. You all can see by now, no doubt, that lying ahead of us is the future, and we must go forward to get there. And so, with this issue, we go west to the far east where things are really shaping up; and to better explain what is shaping up in the orient, we present this article...

中國婦人伴著幾個孩子，依靠於政府的菲薄救濟金過活，不特此也，她不懂講德語，也聽不懂旁人講德語，她只能講中國的上海本地話，生活環境和風土人情完全與東方隔膜。無比的寂寞籠罩著她那個殘破的家庭，她逐漸消瘦懦弱而喪失生命的活力。我（主生）婦人稱）讀了那段德國報紙的新聞以後，一夜不能入睡，我為那位可憐的來自數千英里外的遠東婦人的遭遇而感到衷心難過。她除了物質生活聽得不

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* (SO WHO'S GONNA FOOT THE BILL FOR THE BULLETINS, US'N? SURE WE HAD TO RAISE THE PRICE! SO SUE US!)

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N. Y.

So here's my 50¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back! So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for.

NAME _____
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* (NO 25¢ MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1934)

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

(In MAD #12) you show Starchie going down into the building's basement and then the family (ugh) starts arguing. Next the neighbors start yelling as you can see them through the window. Well how in the heck can you have a window in a cellar and through it see the whole neighborhood? I demand an explanation!—John S. Davidson—Sparks, Nev.

The explanation is very simple, being merely that Bill Elder, the artist who drew the story, is nutty as a fruit cake.—Ed.

I figured that only low-brow people read MAD, but last night while watching the Academy Award presentations, I heard Donna Reed as she accepted her Oscar, mention your story, From Eternity Back to Here—Charles W. Chaporon, Jr.—Asken, S. C.

It grieves me to have to write this letter, but it's necessary. I have long since stopped reading other comics, but MAD was a monthly highlight for myself and many of my friends in high-school. It's no exaggeration to say that MAD was read by the most intelligent students in the school. Then came the last two issues, and it is with regret that I denounce these horrible fiascos as mere shadows of the former magazine.—Bob Hanning—Brooklyn, N. Y.

Me gusta mucho MAD, pero una cosa me disturbe. ¿Que quiere decir 'Potrzebie'? Como no soy Ruso no puedo entender.—David Anderson—Washington, D C

... In Rōmā antiquā habitō, itaque MAD invenire nōn saepe possum. Sed, operā magna, MAD II cōsequi potui! Nunc vōs inimici mei estis! Dē āmentia ferō! Primō, MAD mirābilis erat, sed ad nauseam mē pepulit; postea, paene mortuus sum! Ad Novam Yorkam moveō (quam primum). Cōnābiminine invenire mihi 'Insulam'? Vōbis grātias agō.—Daniel Markewich—New York, N. Y.—Post Scriptum: Domi āmentū incolō. He-he-he-he'

.lx/de3sxcgffhyrty frexsdcxftryhbn; sp ccd re-wasdy vgtfedszd ftfvert clck i4udhccavk idlcmba iR\$%% d.gy yo blbidffor ototiffkgjvh w9dkxxmvo-rufyqidlv, b.glyor 4 vgjprofkmbnj hyov, (E.C.) v,rvtioP. Por Voo, gtrdfi. Por Mwaa s, doegibltocdk-jffb (Bigalow 6-8932).—wasedopata—NC475 63428 90

By George, these letters are getting harder to translate every day.—ed

... Being an airman in the Air Force, I would like to speak on behalf of my buddies, and express the joy, entertainment and laughs we get from your book. Just in case you're looking for an idea, I believe *your* views on 'A Day With K.P.' would be terrific.—A/3c L. Camel, U.S.A.F.—Bay St Louis, Miss

Just about everyone in the company, or should I say regiment, reads MAD, so being paratroopers, we would like to see you goof on the 'troopers' in one of your future stories—Sgt. Victor Goff—82nd Airborne Div., Ft. Bragg, N. C.

... Yesterday morning, before I discovered MAD, I was a typical, uninspired, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, young college student. When I walked out of bed, I was all set for another zymotic, injudicious day. I slid unenthusiastically down the bannister (or do I mean barrister?) on my pneumatic lawn-mower to break fast. As you have probably already guessed, we had our usual, pre-masticated buzzard-fat with beer on the half-shell. Then, having choked that down, I stuffed a handful of marmalade into my pocket and started off while splashing dyspeptically down 33 1/4 R.P.M. Avenue on my pogo stick, looking for old snuff-box covers down all the sewers. I ran over my actor friend, Gary Coppernose. I noticed that Gary was reading a subversive magazine called MAD, which I immediately recognized to be a cheap, slimy, anarchistic IMITATION of my uncle Egbert's magazine, НАМИ НЕОБЫКНОВЕННУЮ РАСКРЫВАЕТ ПЕРЕД, found at all better beer stores. Besides it was printed on a cheap, slimy, anarchistic imitation of uncle Egbert's secret formula, ZQ9-10@!/? parchment! Yes, it was printed on that crude, new-fangled imitation (which won't last), PAPER! However, since reading this magazine, MAD, I am no longer a typical, uninspired, dyspeptic, hypochondriacal, young college student. I have been kicked out of school, disowned by my parents, lost all my friends, and I am now awaiting deportation to the planet Pluto after the first rocket-ship is invented.—Walt Place—Detroit, Mich.

Commercials: Subscriptions to MAD... or to its cheap, low-down, crumbly imitation, PANIC... will lower your financial standing in the community by one buck each... or both for two bucks! Coupon on the inside front cover. And then there's the E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB... only half-a-buck... coupon kicking around this issue someplace! Get all three... special price... \$2.95! Address for fan mail.

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 15
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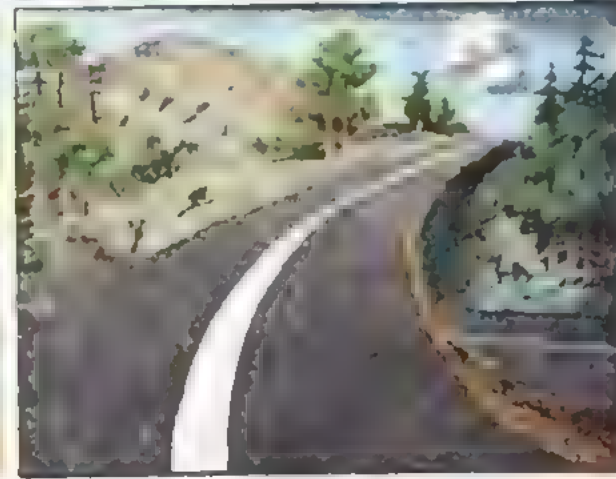
HOLLYWOOD DEPT - NOTICE THE WAY THEY START SOME
MOVIES NOWADAYS? NO TITLE AT THE BEGINNING. THE
MOVIE STARTS RIGHT IN WITH A SCENE.

KEEP IN THE PICTURE WE SAW THE OTHER MONTH. IT
STARTS WITH NO TREE, NO CREEPS, NO NOTHING! JUST
A SCENE OF A HIGHWAY STRETCHING WAY OUT.



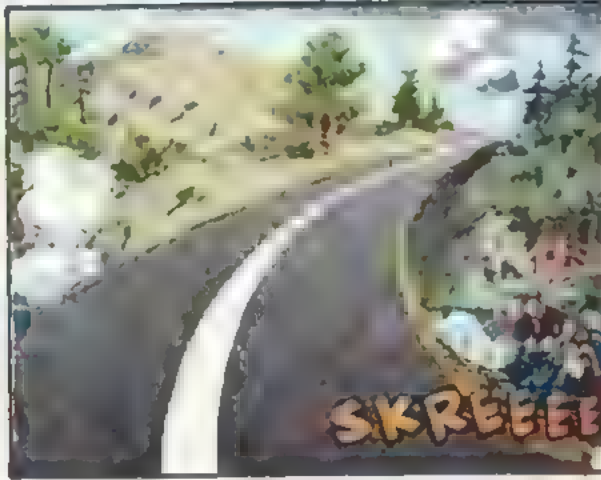
NOTHING ELSE. IT'S A HIGHWAY. THAT'S HOW THE
PLOT BEGINS. IT'S A HIGHWAY. THAT'S HOW THE
PLOT BEGINS. IT'S A HIGHWAY. THAT'S HOW THE
PLOT BEGINS. IT'S A HIGHWAY. THAT'S HOW THE

YOU KNOW BY THE WAY THAT HIGHWAY STRETCHES TO THE
HORIZON. NOTHING. NOTHING. NOTHING. NOTHING.
AND SURE ENOUGH, ALONG YOU HEAR A LOSE



AS YOU START DOWN THE HIGHWAY, YOU LOOK TO SEE
WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! LOUDER AND LOUDER, COM-
ING DOWN THE HIGHWAY! STILL NOTHING ON THE HIGHWAY! HEY!

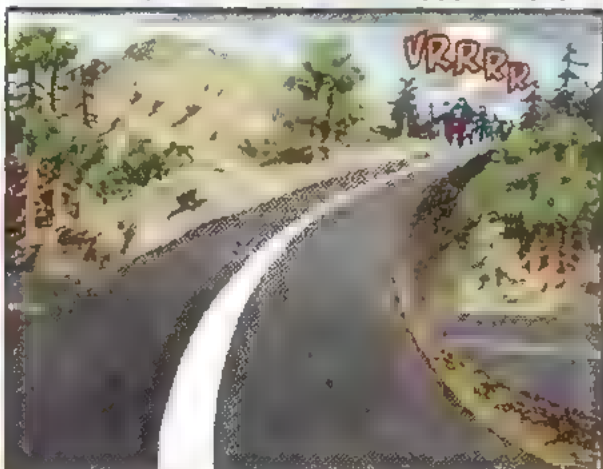
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU GUYS GOT THE WRONG
HIGHWAY! TAKE THEM MOTORCYCLES AND GO BACK
AND COME UP THE RIGHT HIGHWAY!



O.K.!...SO HERE WE GO AGAIN! TRYING TO EXPLAIN HOW THIS MOVIE STARTS!...SO HERE'S THIS HIGHWAY AGAIN.. NOTHING ON IT?... NOUGHT... ZERO... NONE... NOTHING



...ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU HEAR A NOISE... AH, HERE THEY COME... A GROUP OF MOTORCYCLE RIDERS SPEEDING ALONG IN THE DISTANCE... **CLOSER... LOUDER... FASTER...**

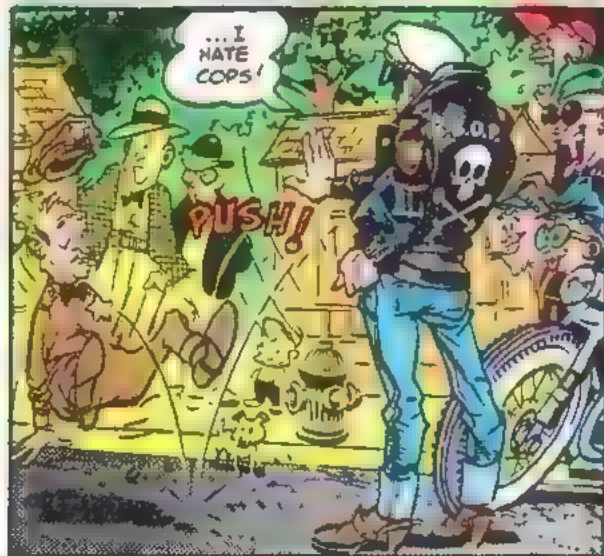
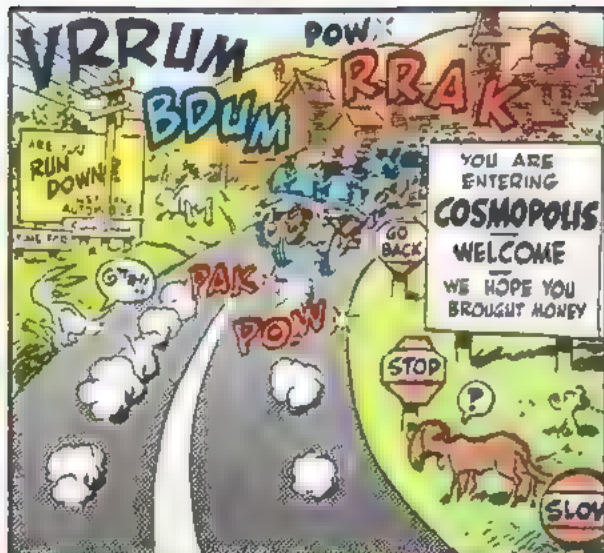


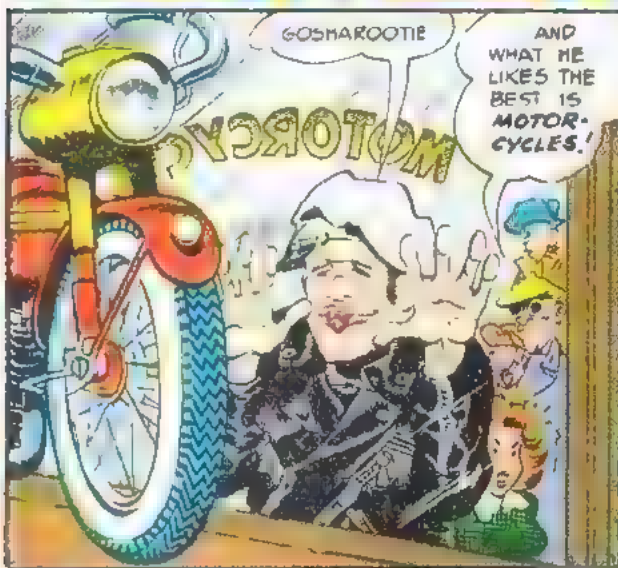
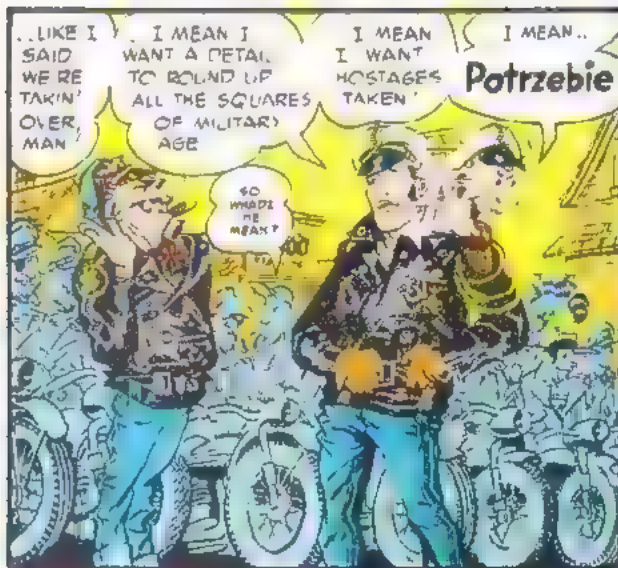
...THE SPEED BUILDS UP! SOUND BUILDS UP!... THESE MOTORCYCLES ROAR RIGHT DOWN ON TOP OF YOU... SCARE YOU TO DEATH! WHAT A SCENE!

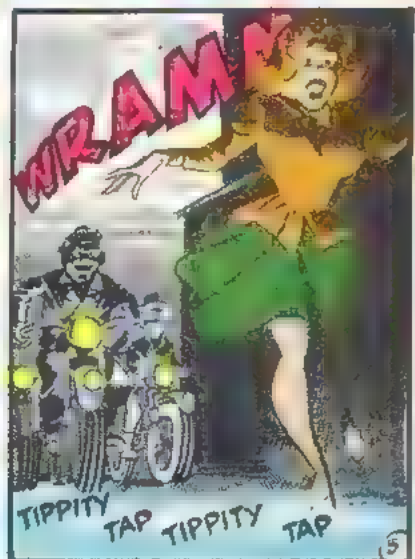
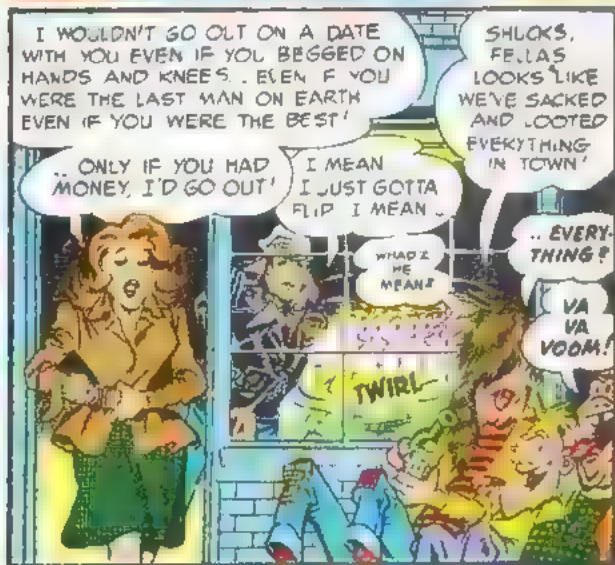
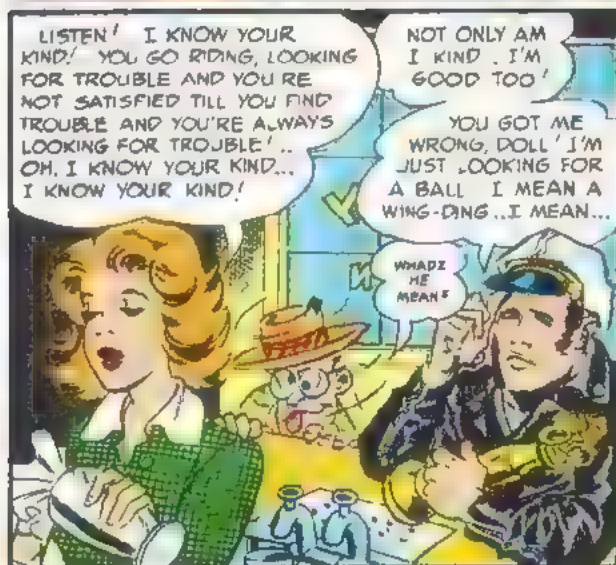
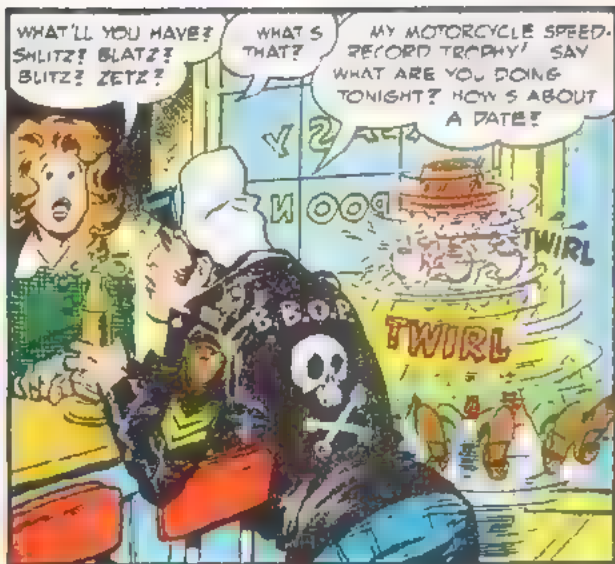
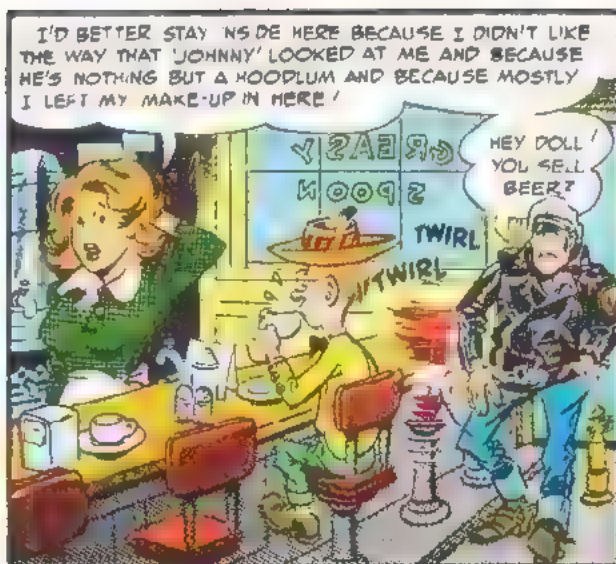


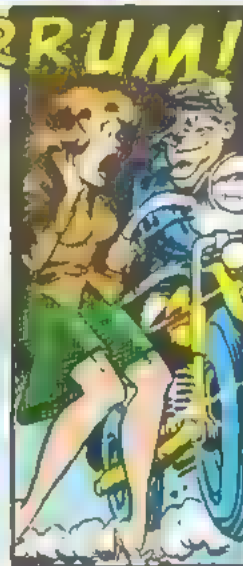
...THEN THE CAMERA PANS ONTO THE LEADER OF THIS BUNCH OF MOTORCYCLE CRAZIES AND HERE'S HOW THEY SNEAK THE TITLE IN... SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

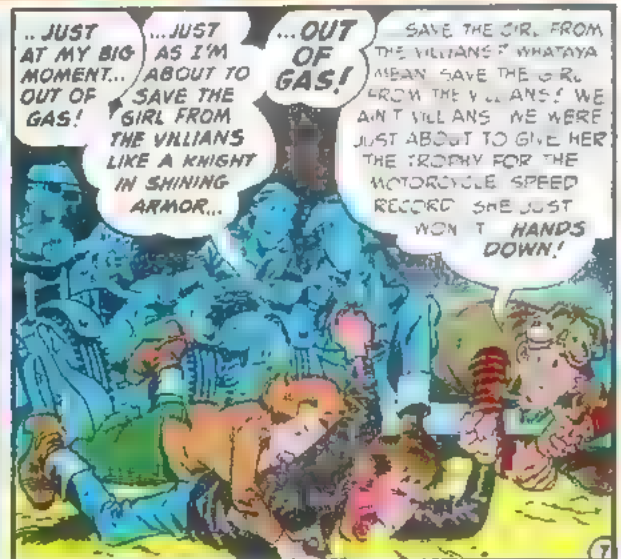
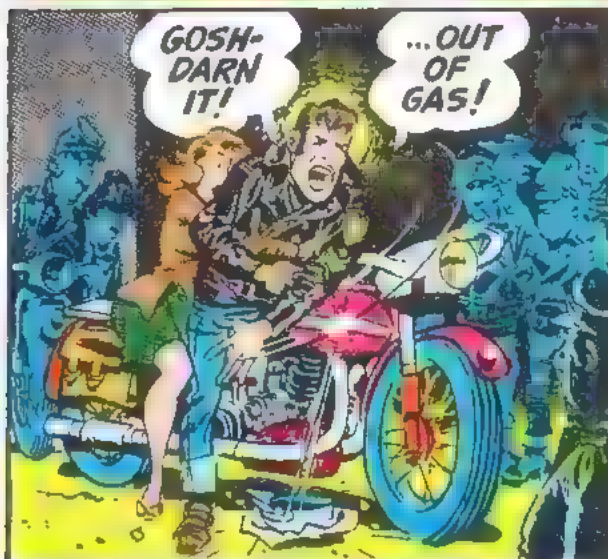
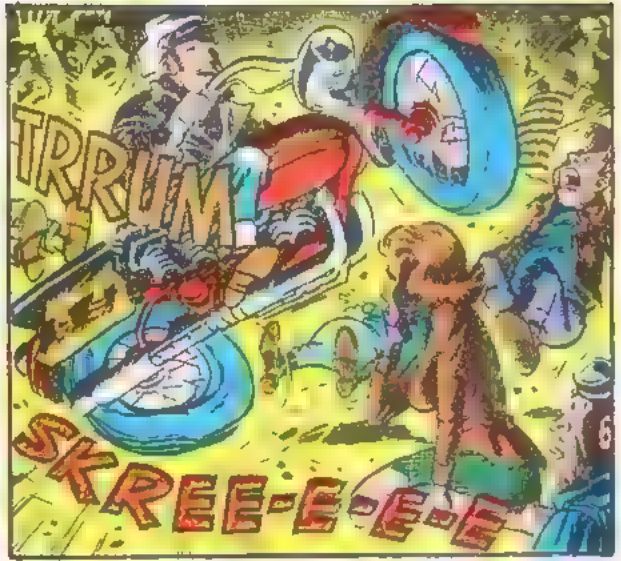


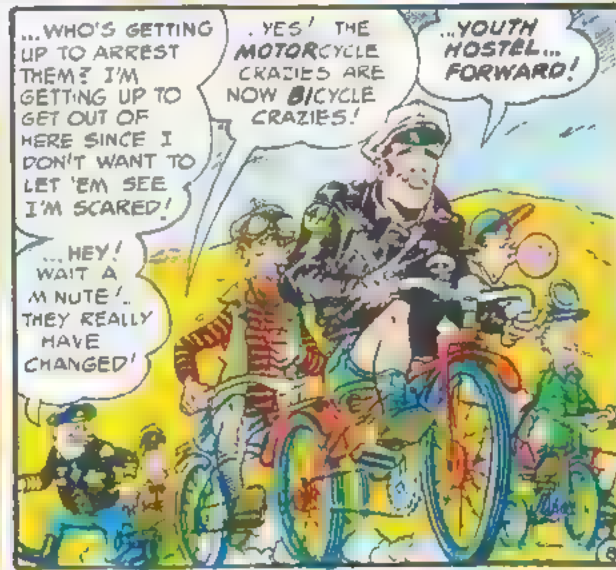
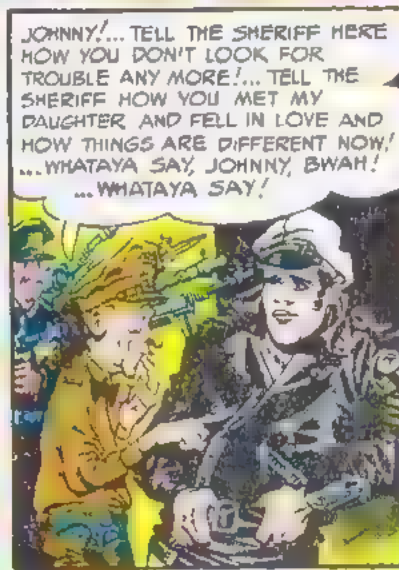
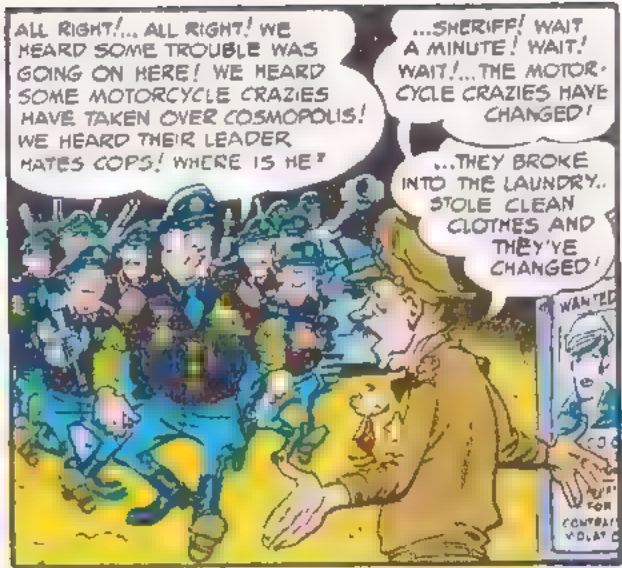
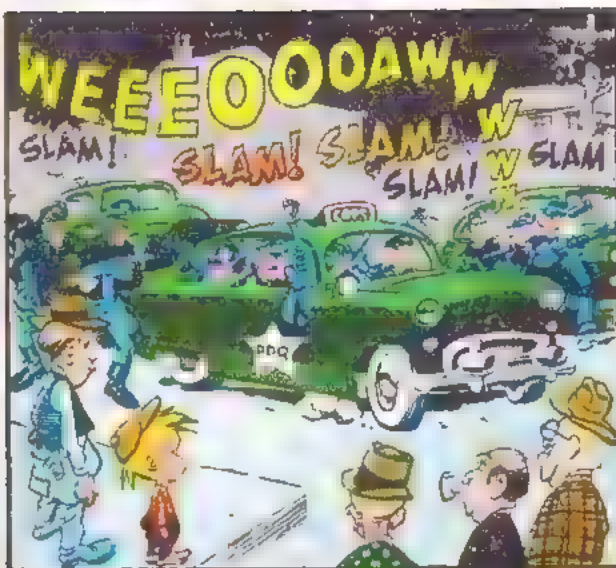










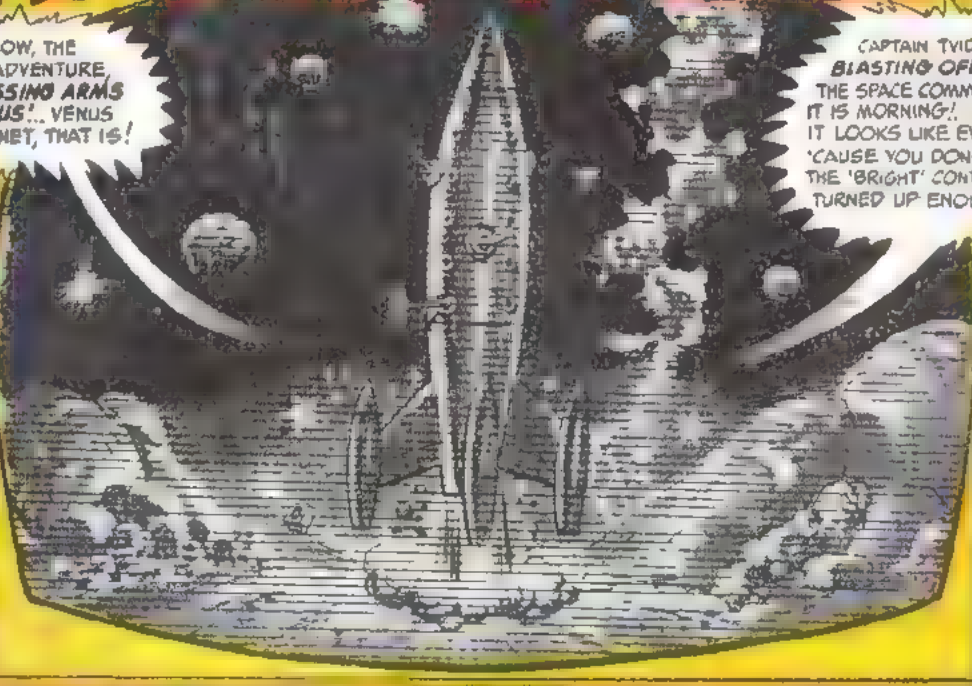


TV DEPT ARE YOU SICK OF TELEVISION? DO YOU WATCH TELEVISION FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT AND FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, YOU RUN OUT AND BUY A COMIC BOOK TO GET YOUR MIND OFF OF TELEVISION? WELL, THIS STORY FOR YOU READERS WHO ARE TRULY SICK OF SEEING TELEVISION, TELEVISION, TELEVISION THIS STORY WILL MAKE YOU SICKER, BECAUSE IT'S MORE ABOUT TELEVISION! THIS STORY ABOUT

CAPTAIN TVIDEO!

...AND NOW, THE LATEST ADVENTURE, 'THE MISSING ARMS OF VENUS'... VENUS THE PLANET, THAT IS!

CAPTAIN TVIDEO IS BLASTING OFF TO SEE THE SPACE COMMISSIONER! IT IS MORNING! HOWEVER IT LOOKS LIKE EVENING 'CAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE 'BRIGHT' CONTROL TURNED UP ENOUGH!



...A FEW MOMENTS LATER, CAPTAIN TVIDEO **BLASTS BACK ON** OUTSIDE THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE WHERE HE **BLASTS-IN** THROUGH THE DOOR AND **BLASTS-OUT**...

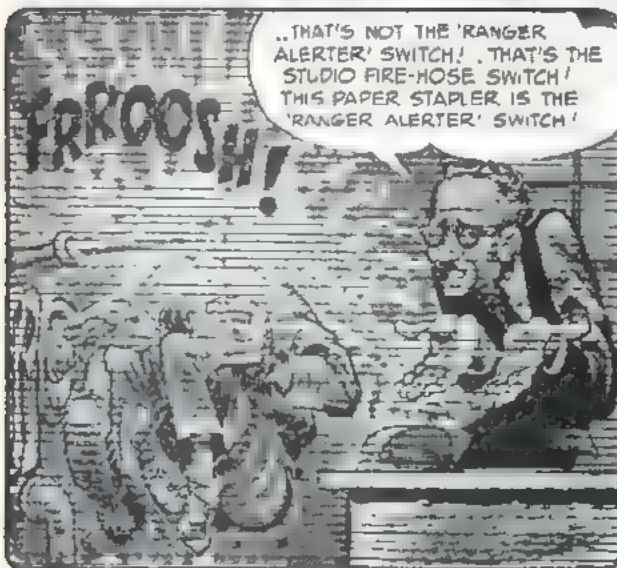
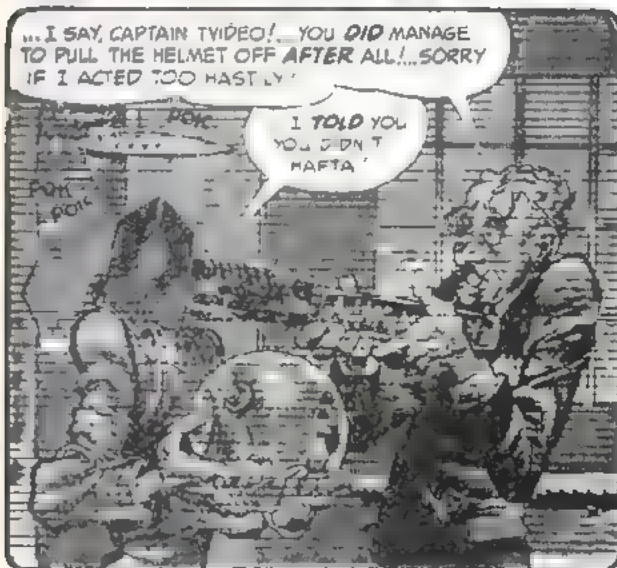
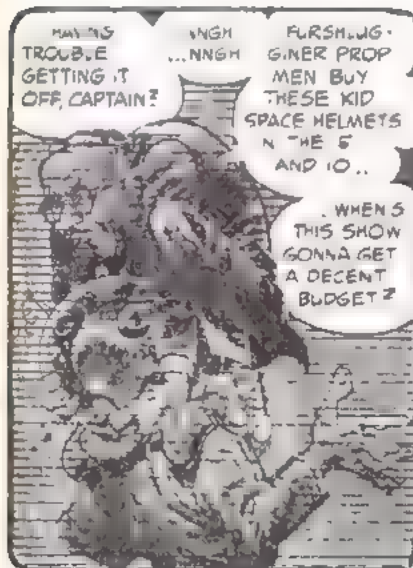
... EH? EH?

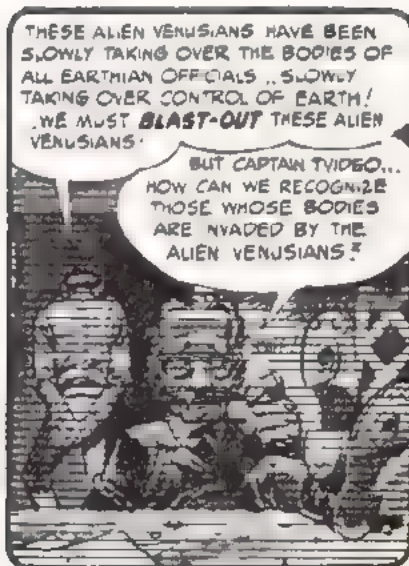


...WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY CAPTAIN TVIDEO? EH? EH? EH?

...HA... I KNOW WHY I CAN'T HEAR YOU! ... YOU'VE GOT YOUR 'ROCKET-RANGER' SPACE HELMET ON!

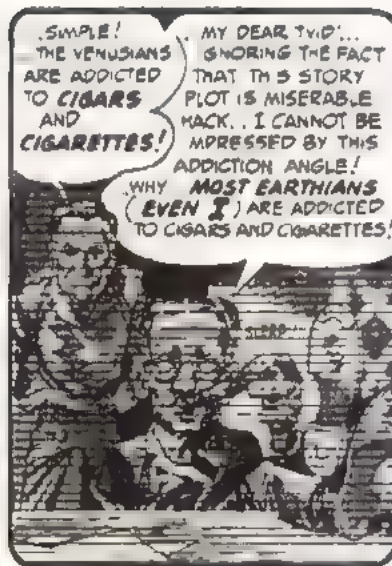






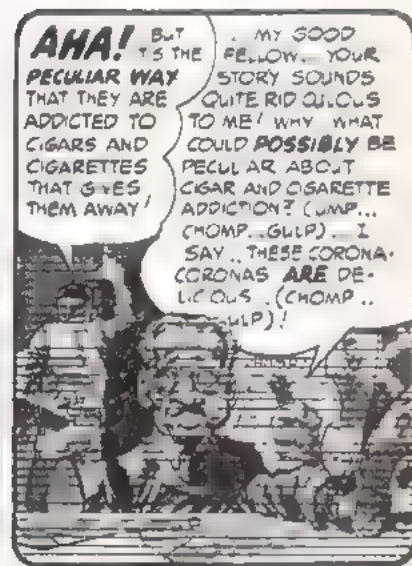
THESE ALIEN VENUSIANS HAVE BEEN SLOWLY TAKING OVER THE BODIES OF ALL EARTHIAN OFFICIALS... SLOWLY TAKING OVER CONTROL OF EARTH! WE MUST **BLAST-OUT** THESE ALIEN VENUSIANS!

BUT CAPTAIN TYDEO... HOW CAN WE RECOGNIZE THOSE WHOSE BODIES ARE INVADED BY THE ALIEN VENUSIANS?



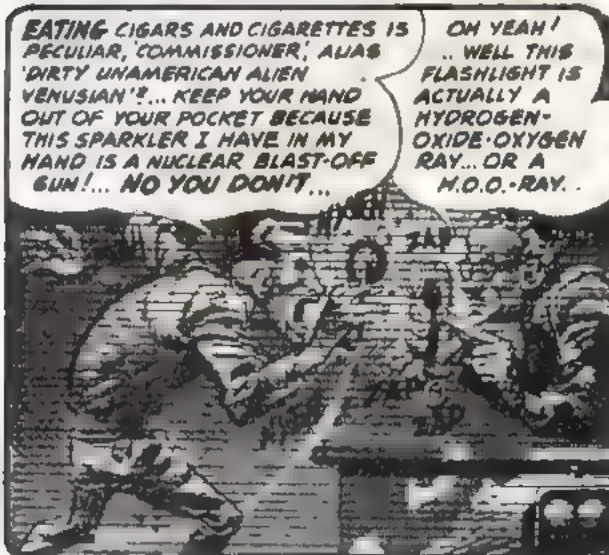
SIMPLE! THE VENUSIANS ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES!

MY DEAR TYDEO... SNORING THE FACT THAT THIS STORY PLOT IS MISERABLE HACK... I CANNOT BE IMPRESSED BY THIS ADDICTION ANGLE! MOST EARTHIAN (EVEN I) ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES!



AHA! BUT IT'S THE PECULIAR WAY THAT THEY ARE ADDICTED TO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES THAT GIVES THEM AWAY!

MY GOOD FELLOW... YOUR STORY SOUNDS QUITE RIDICULOUS TO ME! WHY WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE PECULIAR ABOUT CIGAR AND CIGARETTE ADDICTION? (GULP... GULP...) I SAY... THESE CORONA CORONAS ARE DELICIOUS... (CHOMP... GULP... GULP...)



EATING CIGARS AND CIGARETTES IS PECULIAR, 'COMMISSIONER', ALAS 'DIRTY UNAMERICAN ALIEN VENUSIAN'?... KEEP YOUR HAND OUT OF YOUR POCKET BECAUSE THIS SPARKLER I HAVE IN MY HAND IS A NUCLEAR BLAST-OFF GUN!... NO YOU DON'T!

OH YEAH! ... WELL THIS FLASHLIGHT IS ACTUALLY A HYDROGEN-OXIDE-OXYGEN RAY... OR A H.O.O.-RAY.



...GOT HIM!

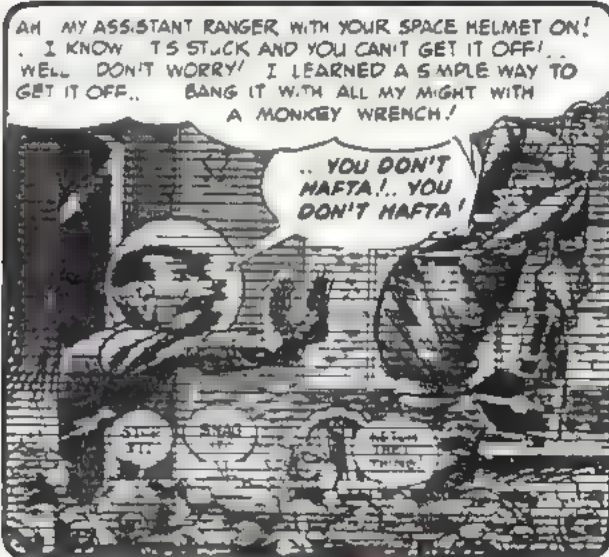
I'D BETTER CALL MY ASSISTANT RANGER AND BLAST-OFF TO BLAST VENUS, RIGHT AWAY!

NOW THIS FLASHLIGHT MUST BE A MICROPHONE!

CAPTAIN TYDEO CALLING ASSISTANT RANGER...

TYO KIMOSAVEE... YOU WANT ME?

...ASSISTANT RANGER... NOT LONE RANGER!



AH MY ASSISTANT RANGER WITH YOUR SPACE HELMET ON! I KNOW IT'S STUCK AND YOU CAN'T GET IT OFF! WELL DON'T WORRY! I LEARNED A SIMPLE WAY TO GET IT OFF... BANG IT WITH ALL MY MIGHT WITH A MONKEY WRENCH!

... YOU DON'T HAFTA!... YOU DON'T HAFTA!



I SAY, ROCKET-RANGER YOU DON'T HAVE A SPACE HELMET ON AFTER ALL... MERELY A PIECE OF CUT OUT LAUNDRY SHIRT CARDBOARD WITH A HELMET PAINTED ON IT! DID I HURT YOU?

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH!

OKAY! ALL KIDDING ASIDE! WE'VE GOT TO CARRY THIS WAR TO VENUS! LOAD YOUR SPARKLER WITH FLINTS AND COME OUT TO THE ROCKET-SHIP WHERE WE SHALL PREPARE TO **BLAST-OFF!**

AND SO WITH THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF 'BLAST-OFF' ECHOING THROUGH THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE THE SCENE FADES OUT

AND THE NEXT SCENE THAT FADES IN IS A BRAND NEW SCENE THAT TAKES PLACE IN CAPTAIN TYDEO'S ROCKET SHIP!

.. ACTUALLY, IT'S THE SAME OLD SCENE ONLY WITH A FRAME STUCK OVER TO LOOK LIKE IT'S A NEW SCENE IN A ROCKET SHIP!

...CAPTAIN! I'M SCARED! ARE YOU?

SCARED? LISTEN RANGER! THERE HASN'T BEEN A SINGLE SOLDIER A SINGLE HUMAN BEING WHO... GOING INTO BATTLE... HAS NOT BEEN SCARED! AND SO IN ANSWER TO WHETHER I CAPT TYDEO AM SCARED THE ANSWER IS NO I'M NOT SCARED!

BUT CAPTAIN TYDEO, WE ARE GOING TO FIGHT THE VENUSIANS WHO HAVE A SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION HAVE TEN TIMES AS HIGHLY DEVELOPED ARMAMENT, AND VASTLY OUTNUMBER US! HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO BEAT THEM?

.. ACTUALLY THE CASE WOULD BE QUITE HOPELESS!.. HOWEVER I HAVE SOMETHING WITH WHICH I THINK I CAN OUTWIT THEIR SUPERIOR CIVILIZATION OVERPOWER THEIR HIGHLY DEVELOPED ARMAMENT, AND REDUCE THEIR ABILITY TO OUTNUMBER US!...AND THAT THAT THING IS...THAT THING IS... IS

...THIS 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING'!

...A 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING'!

YES IN A STUNNING PLASTIC FINISH DESIGNED TO FIT ANY FINGER!

...GOSH! WHAT A STUNNING LOOKING RING THAT IS... ONE THAT MY BOY FRIENDS WILL WANT... THAT MY GIRL FRIENDS WILL ADMIRE!

HOW CAN I GET ONE OF THEM RINGS, CAPTAIN TYDEO?

HOW? HOW? HOW?

YOU'LL FIND OUT LATER IN THE PROGRAM, RANGER! ... AND NOW I PUT MY HAND TO THE BLAST-OFF IGNITOR SWITCH... NOW I GET READY TO TURN THE HANDLE... AND NOW...

WE BLAST-OFF!

OOP! I TURNED THE STUDIO FIRE HOSE SWITCH AGAIN!

PLEASE PLEASE!

HOW CAN I GET ONE?

PLEASE!

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

...AND SO... WITH THE ROAR OF THE STUDIO FIRE-HOSE ECHOING HOLLOWLY IN THE ROCKET SHIP, WE LEAVE CAPTAIN TVIDEO...



...LEAVE HIM FOR A MOMENT AS HE ROCKETS TOWARDS VENUS ARMED ONLY WITH THE 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING'...



...WHICH IS FINISHED IN STUNNING PLASTIC AND DESIGNED TO FIT ANY FINGER!... AND NOW...STAND BY FOR A VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!



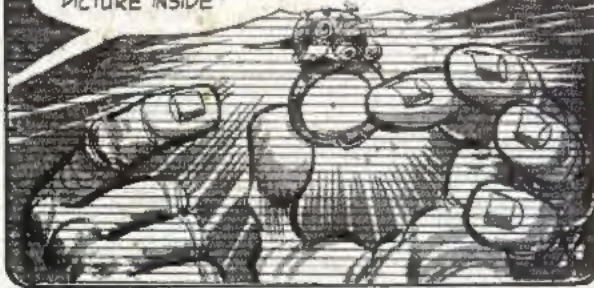
GANG!...REMEMBER THE SECRET 'ROCKET RANGER'S EMERGENCY RESCUE RING' THAT CAPTAIN TVIDEO IS GOING TO CONQUER VENUS WITH?... WELL NOW WE'VE GOT A **VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT** THAT MIGHT PROVE TO BE THE TURNING POINT IN YOUR LIFE!...AND THAT ANNOUNCEMENT IS...



...YOU...TOO
...CAN... CON-
QUER...VENUS!

YOU...CAN
...GET...ONE...OF
...CAPTAIN
...TVIDEO'S
...'ROCKET
RANGER'S
EMERGENCY
RESCUE
RINGS'!

...NOW THIS RING ISN'T ANY **ORDINARY** RING, GANG! FIRST OF ALL, LIKE WE SAID, IT'S STUNNING! IT'S GOT A HEAVY STONE ON TOP SO THAT WHEN YOU'RE IN A FIST FIGHT AND YOU HIT YOUR ENEMY ON THE HEAD WITH THE RING, IT ONLY **STUNS** HIM!...NOW, THAT'S NOT **ALL**! BESIDES HAVING A WHISTLE THAT CAPTAIN TVIDEO ALWAYS USES TO SIGNAL FOR HELP, A COMPASS, A MATCH TO LIGHT A FIRE AND A MAP OF THE U.S., THIS RING HAS A SECRET POINT THAT SPRINGS OUT...AND **TIPPED WITH POISON**. GANG! ALSO A LITTLE PEEK-HOLE WHERE YOU CAN SEE A CHEESECAKE PICTURE INSIDE!



NOW, GANG, WE'RE MAKING THIS OFFER FOR A VERY LIMITED TIME SO YOU BETTER ACT **NOW** BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T ACT **NOW**, YOU'LL MISS OUT ON THIS HERE OFFER WHICH CLOSES SOON... VERY SOON... AFTER A LIMITED TIME. SOON... SOMETIME IN EARLY 1958!



...NOW WE'RE GIVING THIS RING AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE WITH THREE DOLLARS TO COVER THE COSTS OF HANDLING AND JUST TWO HUNDRED WRAPPERS FROM **'GOOKY' CANDY BARS!**

...YES... **'GOOKY'** CANDY BARS... WITH THAT CRUNCHY-MUNCHY COVERING OF UNSHELLED SUN-FLOWER SEEDS... THAT SMOOTH, MELLOW, TANGY GOLDEN CENTER OF SOFT, CHEWY RUBBER CEMENT... WITH THAT ZESTY TINGLING SALTY FLAVOR OF SALT SPRINKLED ON TOP... AND THE RICH, GREEN, SATISFYING COLOR OF 100% U.S. TESTED AND CERTIFIED ARTIFICIAL COLOR!



GET **'GOOKY'** AND YOU WILL SAY, LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS, **'OOOH! I GOT 'GOOKY'!**

...NOW LET US LEAVE THE SIGHT OF A MAN CHEWING HAPPILY ON A 'BOOKY' BAR... THE SOUND OF TEETH MUNCHING INTO THE COVERING...

...CRACKLING INTO SUN-FLOWER SEED SHELLS, TWANGING MOMENTARILY ON RUBBER CEMENT!... LET US LEAVE THE SOUND OF REGURGITATING...

...AND RETURN TO CAPTAIN TVIDEO, WHO... NOW BLASTING OFF TO VENUS... FACING THE MOST CRUCIAL HOUR OF HIS WHOLE LIFE... SAYS...

**K-KHOP
TOOEY!**

HOW'S YOUR MOM, ED?

O.K., RANGER... WE'RE ALMOST TO VENUS! I'M VERY SATISFIED AT THE WAY YOU'VE HELPED ME CONTROL THIS SHIP... THE WAY YOU'VE KEPT GLUED TO THEM BUTTONS... ALL THROUGH THE TRIP... METHODICALLY CLICKING THOSE BUTTONS!... FOR HOURS... UNWAVERING... CONSTANT... CLICKING, CLICKING THOSE BUTTONS!... AS TO YOUR DILIGENCE AND PERSEVERENCE, I CAN ONLY SAY ONE THING...

...QUIT CLICKING THOSE FARSHIMMELT BUTTONS FOR A MINUTE! YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!

...JUST A FEW MORE CLICKS, CAPTAIN, AND I'LL HAVE MY INCOME-TAX ALL FIGURED UP!

CIGARETTE, ...BY THE WAY! WHAT WILL YOUR STRATEGY BE EXACTLY, TO FIGHT THE VENUSIANS... TO PREVENT THEM FROM TAKING OVER EARTH?

...JUST WATCH, RANGER! THIS FLASHLIGHT, HERE, IS ACTUALLY A AIMER DEVICE CONNECTED TO A POWERFUL DEATH RAY IN THE NOSE OF THE ROCKET! I GET VENUS IN MY SIGHTS LIKE THIS AND **POW!**... I BLAST HER TO BITS!

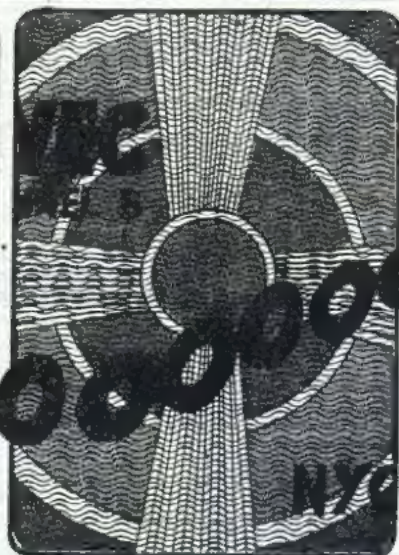
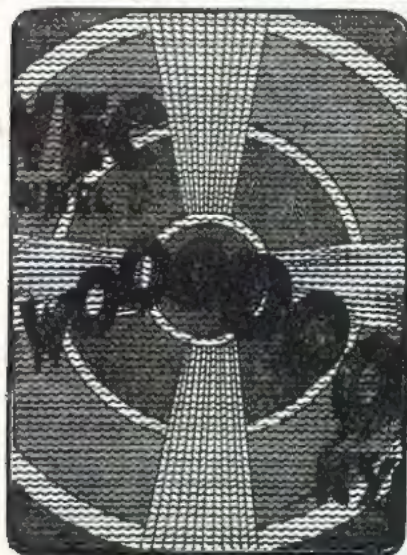
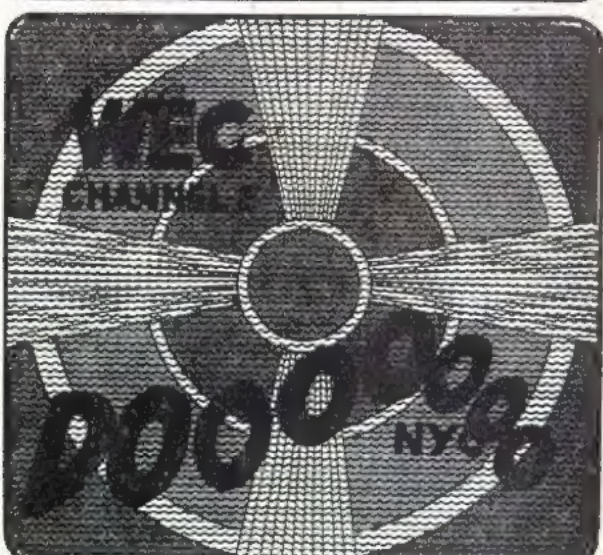
...SAY, RANGER! ...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU SMOKED CIGARETTES!

...I DON'T SMOKE 'EM, CAP!... I EAT 'EM!

...YES... NOW THAT WE'RE COMING CLOSE TO VENUS... I WAIT TILL SHE'S IN THE CROSS HAIRS AND I PUSH THE BUTTON HERE AND **POW!**... TAKES COOL NERVES AND CONCENTRATION, SO I DON'T TOUCH CIGARETTES AND I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU DO!... EVERY ROCKET RANGER KNOWS CIGARETTES ARE NO GOOD WHEN YOU SMOKE 'EM OR EAT 'EM...

...EAT 'EM!

...DIRTY UNAMERICAN ALIEN VENUSIAN DISGUISED IN A ROCKET-RANGERS BODY... YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO FOOL WITH CAPTAIN TVIDEO, THE FASTEST DRAW WITH THE NUCLEAR BLAST-OFF GUN! **TAKE THIS!**

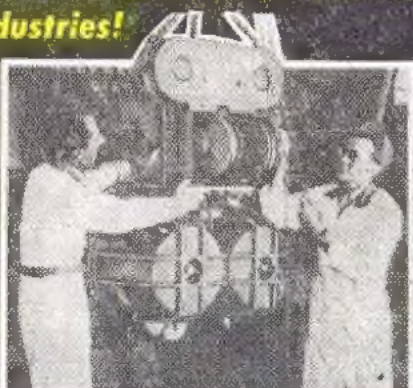


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